55.

A

POEM

ON THE

HISTORY

OF

Queen Hesther,

AN

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH

OF THE

Lord Chief Justice

HALES,

And other Occasional POEMS.

LONDON,
Printed for *William Leech*, at the *Crown* in *Cornhill*.

A

POEM

ON THE

HISTORY

OF

Queen Hester,

AN

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH

OF THE

Lord Chief Justice

HALES,

And other Occasional POEMS.

LONDON,

Printed for William Leech, at the Crown in Cornhill.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

A Poem on the Hiſtory of Queen Heſther.

Vaſti Deceas'd, the Beauties do convene,
Each o'th' fair Rivals hoping to be Queen;
Ahaſuerus, as his Peers do move,
Moſt readily inclines to pleaſe his Love;
Heſther ſucceeds. Neither mean Birth, nor State
Prevents the Match, nor yet great *Haman*'s hate:
The Nobler Virgins, and his Diadem
Are void of Luſtre, as he views this Gem.

Haman at this time was moſt high in Court,
None ſo in Favour, Splendor, Princely port,
To him the People bow'd as he paſt by,
The Admiration of each Heart and Eye.
Poor *Mordecai* (mean-while) lay in the Gate
In a forlorn and deſpicable State.
From him the lofty Courtier look'd for more,
Seeing ſuch Grandeur, and himſelf ſo Poor:
The croſs-grain'd Captives knee would not conform;
So his ſweet Calm ends in a dreadful Storm.
(Ambition, croſt, like to the Sea doth rage,
Reſtleſs, and boundleſs, nothing can aſſwage.)
Slighted by one of the Captivity?
For this the Nation, Root and Branch, ſhall dye.
Cæſar is thus incenſt; There is a Sect
Mixt with your people, who perverſly Act,
Foes to your Laws and ſtabliſht Government,
Let them be ſlain, no Treaſure there ſhall want.
('Twas Death enough for *Jacob*'s Seed to be
In a ſtrange Land, ſad by each Willow-tree

Condoling there in heavy mournful Songs
(Their own diſtreſs, their Nations Woes and Wrongs.)
Men, Women, Children, Babes of a ſpan long,
And tender Mothers, both the Old and Young,
All muſt become one common Sacrifice;
So *Haman* counſels, and the King complies.
Unhappy Princes, 'tis too oft their Fate,
Thus by ſurprize to ſhade the Ills they hate.
Like cunning Fowlers corrupt Statesmen walk,
They ſeek themſelves, and make their Maſters ſtalk.

Mordecai warned Counter-plots the Plot,
His Cauſe is good, the Enemies is not.
He *Cæſar* ſaved: who ſo fit to bring
Help to the Church, as he that ſav'd the King?
He ſav'd his Life, and, in as true a ſence,
Now ſaves his Honour and his Innocence.
(Though the Seal Royal be to the Decree,
'Tis Loyal, to reſiſt Conſpiracy.)
Cloathed in Sack-cloth he bewails the Harm,
Then in the Queens Ear ſounds the ſad Alarm,
Commands her to propitiate the King,
(She and her People both are periſhing)
Puts her in mind of her once low Degree,
And how oblig'd by preſent Dignity.

'Tis threatned Death, if *Heſther* do obey;
'Tis worſe than Death, if ſhe make no Eſſay.
Diſtracting thoughts perplex her trembling breaſt;
Her feeble Sex can ſcarce hard words digeſt;
A frowning Look, and from a Royal Eye,
Is wound enough to make weak Woman dye.
Led by Example of the Ages paſt,
She and her Maids do keep a privy Faſt.
Fleſh ſuggeſts Danger, noble Faith ſaies, Nay,
The Path of Danger is the ſafeſt Way.
Thus Arm'd, ſhe boldly ventures, Fears not Death,
Nor the King's wrath, nor *Haman's* poys'nous breath.

(How overcoming is a pleaſing Face
When it is backed with the pow'r of Grace?)

Great,

Great, like her Courage, proves the good ſucceſs;
Fury is turn'd into a kind Embrace,
Another Edict now there is diſpatcht,
The fatal Blow muſt fall where it was hatcht:
(Moſt righteous Sentence, They who miſchief plot,
Still, in the cloſe, have miſchief for their lot.)
Heſther is favour'd, *Mordecai* doth Riſe,
Proſcribed *Iſrael* Lives, proud *Haman* Dies.

To the KING.

On His Recovery from Sickneſs, and being expected to Dine at Guild-hall *the laſt Lord-Mayors-Day.*

AFter dark, diſmal, gloomy Winters day
Summer approaching, and bright *Phœbus* Ray,
Each Vegetable buds, the Trees look green,
Birds fall a-ſinging as the Sun is ſeen;
So doth your welcom Royal Preſence bring,
After Autumnal Grief, a Joyful Spring.

The Fogs and Clouds (Great Sir) offending you,
Caus'd an Eclipſe on your great City too;
(Before Conſumptive) then ſhe lay ev'n dead,
Dangers and Sickneſs threatning you the Head,
Fainted and pined, felt by ſympathy
Malignant *Rome*, and your leſs Malady.

But now that your Majeſtick beams diſpence
From your own Health a healing Influence.
('Tis as a Reſurrection) ſhe Revives,
Scorns to be Bed-rid, Lives, and Hopes, and Thrives.
Verdure and Bloſſoms ſpring up in her Face,
With'ring Time ceaſeth as you warm the place.

This turns *October* into pleaſant *May*,
And makes my Lord Mayors as a Jub'lee day:

Your

Your Sick Lands healed with your Majesty
Would raise the Comfort into Extasie.

Procl. for Parl. sitting next day after the Lord-Mayors-Day.

Auspicious Edict! Well it did portend,
Counsel to Enter as the Feast to End.
Kindness dissolves! Kings that are Ir'n to Force
Are won by Love to run their proper Course.

An ELEGY *on the Death of the Lord Chief Justice* Hales.

BRing your Oblations, Poet Laureat Wits,
Here is a Subject your best Art befits;
From me a meaner Off'ring must suffice,
Who want a Brain for such a Sacrifice.
But what needs an Encomium? Silly Verse
Does but debase this more deserving Herse.
Is he Deceased? *Hales* the Learn'd, the Just?
Once the great Wonder, now but common Dust.
What heart droops not at his departing hence?
'Tis as the Sun-set, his Set Influence.
Like that great Light, rejoycing in his Sphere,
He ran his Circuit, profiting ev'ry where.
With an Impartial hand turn'd Justice Scale,
The poor man's Patron, helpt where Fees did fail.
A Ruling great Example of the Gown,
True to himself, his Country, and the Crown.
But I offend! His own great worth expresst
And better proves, He knew most, and did best.
(Enamel'd worth! As he was Learn'd and Just,
High above praise, so low as very Dust.)

Hence petty Grief, Death here wounds a whole Nation,
It calls for more than common Lamentation.
Church and State put on black Mourn, friends Mourn all;
The loss is vast and Epidemical,
This worthy Pillar being faln to ground,
Where is another *Atlas* to be found?

Where

Where's ſuch a Healer? Where ſo right an Eye,
Sage to Diſcern, and faithful to Apply.

You of the Long Robe in each Inns-a-Court,
To *Cooke*'s great Name add *Hales* his good Report;
May it prove Seminal of your Excellence,
In propagating Law and Conſcience.
A thouſand *Phœnix* (if it may be) riſe
Out of his Aſhes, good like him and wiſe;
To build up Juſtice, wrongs and vice aſſwage,
And re-inforce the beggar'd Bankrupt Age.
In whom ſurviving, It may yet be ſaid,
The Oracle of Law ſtill Lives though Dead.

The Epitaph.

Ingenious Reader ſtay and drop a Tear,
England's *great Darling and Defence lies here;*
Weep Widow'd Nation, weep till ſtreams do fall:
Like a kind Bride, his Love was Conjugal.

To Sir George Jeffreys *on his being Knighted.*

NOt that you need this ſilly Offering,
Nor would I ſeem to Rival with the King;
'Twere bold and ſaucy, as abſurd and vain,
After his Sword, to dare to praiſe again.
I have my Laurel, if my Rhime expreſs
A grateful ſenſe of your great Worthineſs.
That Worth which made you high in hearts before,
Now winning *Cæſar*'s makes you high much more.

So early Wiſdom? Gray at ſuch an Age?
Ripe in your Spring-time? Who did not preſage?
Arms to the Gown give place, ſuch Cumbates ceaſe,
The Learn'd in Honour much importeth Peace.

No Battels but thoſe bloodleſs at the Bar,
Where wiſe men Claſh, as if 'twere time of War,
With Brandiſht Tongues, like Weapons in the Field,
Each fierce for Conqueſt as with Sword and Shield.
Were Trophies proper in this Civil ſence,
Triumph confer'd on Wit and Eloquence,
You might reſemble *Cæſar*'s ſelf of *Rome*,
And boaſt, as he, you come and overcome.

To Sir Thomas Fitch *on his good Fortune and Publick Works.*

SO we in Hiſtory behold
Brave Men and their brave Deeds Inroll'd,
As here preſented to our view,
The Pourtrait of your Art and you.
Worth that's deriv'd from Anceſtors
Is not ſo truly and ſo nobly ours,
As that which is like yours acquir'd,
This merits to be moſt admir'd.

By wiſe contrivance you Inſtruct
In building, and in Aqueduct:
Where Fabricks are of chief Reſpect,
Who will not gueſs you Architect?
You Grace the City every where,
By Land or Water *Fitch* is there:
So in a ſenſe the Saying's true,
You *London* raiſe, as it rais'd you.

Weep Cloudy Suburbs, Widow'd Flood,
Now Corn grows there where *Troy* once ſtood.
The Palace glory is pull'd down
Which did give luſter to the Crown.
The Owners Honour, as the place,
Grown Tenement like, mean and baſe.
You, Sir, ſeem to condole *White-hall*,
Which mourneth for this Palace Fall;

And

And kindly in your Sphere ſupply
That blemiſh of Nobility.
As they do Raze, you Rear a Pile,
Which both Convicts their practice vile,
And helps a little to remove
The gloomy ſad Eclipſe above.
May it ſo live a laſting Monument:
You have by mind what they have by deſcent.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor at the Anniverſary Entertainment in Guild-Hall.

THE wiſe *Apollo* Laugheth once a year;
So the reſembling mortal Gods do here
Deign to be jolly, and Triumph together,
Over their Cares, and over *Romes* foul weather.
As you (much Honoured Sir) Aſcend the Chair,
The Heavens ſo kind and ſo Propitious are.
Redeem'd Religion happily ſupplies
Freſh Comfort to your former ſolemn Joyes.
Let Popery daſht ſound ſweeter in your Ear
Than the ſweet pleaſing melody you hear.
And Hearts as with good Wine be chear'd and warm'd
With the good news His Majeſty not harm'd;
But this ought to allay your Joyes Exceſs,
His Martyr'd Friend falls by the mercileſs.
Now *Exit Babylon's* Tranſubſtantiation,
Infernal Plots and Hell Aſſaſſination;
Thoſe *Egypt* Frogs no more Infect or Croak
Within the ſhadow of the Royal Oak.
(Avant Prodigious, Protean, Papal-State.)
Avant the curſt *Raviliack* Tranſmigrate.
The noiſe of Blood, The noiſe of Bankrupts ceaſe,
The Nations Wealth, the Nations Fame increaſe.
This ſo bright dawning Providential Ray
Sweetly preſageth Sun-ſhine *Halcyon* day.
And you my Lord, within your Lower Sphere
Are a good Omen. Happy be your year.

On

On Sir *Edmundbury Godfrey.*

SUch is Man's Life and Fickle ſtate,
Conſum'd with Care, expos'd to Hate,
Rent by variety of Fate,
(At moſt but of a moments Date)
So here in this great Herſe we ſee,
The beſt of Mortals, what they be.
The wiſe and good worſt harms moleſt,
The more of worth, the leſs of reſt.
As in a Storm the Cedars fall,
And Shrubs ſurvive their Funeral.

To Sir J. L. *on his noble Entertainment at his going out Sheriff.*

SO in your Bounty you appear
Not ſeen but in your ſumptuous Cheer:
As Modeſty hid in a Cloud
The Generous Sun doth needy Mortals good.

The well fraught Diſhes left behind
Impreſſions of your Noble Mind;
What needed further Eloquence,
Your welcom ſuch by way of Influence.

Wine Bottles Volly-wiſe did fly,
Meſs upon Meſs two Stories high;
No Counter Scuffle in the Rear,
That plague of Mock Feaſts plenty baniſht here.

If ſo Benigne where only ſate
Poor Livery-men o'th' Loweſt Rate,
What were you to the upper Gueſt,
Who added Luſter to your ſplendid Feaſt.

May

May the kind Coſt you did impart
Bring a rich Income to your Heart;
Not of that Treaſure which is told,
But Wealth more worthy your purſuit than Gold.

To a fair Lady at a Feſtival Dinner at Sir William Prichards.

THanks to the Sheriff for his free Feaſt,
And welcom to ſo mean a Gueſt;
Good Wine, good Muſick, and good Chear
Did nobly act, each in their Sphere.
The untoucht Diſhes in retreat
Sounded his Praiſe, and all Compleat.
But, Madam, much more thanks to you,
Who did both Feaſt and heal me too;
Your Beauty was that delicate Meſs,
Which as it mov'd did quell Exceſs.
How could I greedily purſue
The groſſer Cates beholding you?
How could I but ev'n pamper ſenſe
Once taſting that rare Influence?
Your Sun-ſhine made me blith and Jolly,
Who came in Dead in Melancholy.
My Ice did Thaw, my Clouds did Fly,
My tongue grew looſe which grief did tye.
If your more diſtant caſual heat
Could make dull pulſe ſo warmly beat,
How high and hot had been my Flame
Had thoſe beams come from Love and Aim?
Thus freed, thus fetter'd by your Eye;
Your Captive, yours at Liberty.——

To a Fair Lady unknown.

On a Kiss of her Shoe in the Shoe-makers Hand.

MAdam, though your Rare Beauty be
Magnetick, and ſo work on me:
Yet dare I not aſpire ſo high
As to draw near your daunting Eye;
Not favour'd with his happy Chance,
Who may unto your feet advance:
I thus do with a lowly heart
Pay Homage to your ſhadowy part.
No Idol you are made by this,
Were *Romes* but ſuch, who would not Kiſs?
The Income there is moſt unkind,
Both to be baſe, and to be blind:
But here (methinks) as I do bow
I grow more Man and Chriſtian too.
I Conquer the whole Hoſt of Folly
Encamped in my Melancholy.
If in a diſtant view there be
Such Pleaſure ſo to touch to ſee;
Thrice happy he who may aſcend
To your ſweet Lips, to your fair hand.

To a Fair Lady in a Throng,

On a Stop upon London-Bridge.

IN my way I lately ſpied
A Fair Nymph within a Crowd,
She did ſhine like glittering *Venus*,
Mantled with that homely Cloud.

Darts did enter unreſiſted
As ſhe glanced with her Eye,
I was Captiv'd, I was pleaſed
With the ſweet Captivity.

Love enforcing, I thus ventur'd,
Madam, If in Fleſh you be,
Deign a ſmile on a poor Mortal,
That may heal which woundeth me.

Then I boldly did Embrace her,
Favour'd with more near acceſs.
While I held this noble Treaſure
I both *Indies* did poſſeſs.

But, alas, my ſhort Fruition!
She ſoon vaniſh'd out of ſight,
And my hopes and Joyes expired
Like a ſhort-liv'd bliſs by Night.

To a Fair Lady.

On a Damask Roſe preſented to her.

NOt that I think you can need Ornament
Or Sweetneſs, I this Trifle do preſent;
Deign to accept it on the humbler Scare
Of a poor, mean, Thank-offring, and no more.
As Pepper-corns are paid but to expreſs
A Homage due, not their own Worthineſs.

You grace Flower more than it doth you,
Make it more lovely fair, and Fragrant too;
Each Vegetable grows in excellence,
As there is added your rare Influence.
The Roſe it ſelf lies proſtrate at your feet,
Set in your Boſome then ſmells much more ſweet.

Yet let this thought poſſeſs your lowly mind,
After your Spring an Autumn comes behind.
This pretty Bud which (like your ſelf) to day
Is in its prime, will wither and decay.
If Roſes Beauty fade, and fade it muſt,
The ſweeteſt Face muſt alſo end in Duſt.

On the Death of Mr. Tho. Edwards, *a Young Accomptant in the Chamber of* London, *who Dyed as he was to have Married.*

SUch as are Artiſts, and do aim at Bayes,
May their high Subjects in Heroicks praiſe:
In my lower Sphere pay Ruder Verſe,
To this more mean, and more proportion'd, Herſe;

But

But I do wrong his Worth; Was he not High?
Vertue as well as blood doth dignifie:
Toyl'd like the Bee, had learned of the Ant:
Laid up in Summer for the Winters Want.
A faithful Steward, an obliging Friend;
Good in Bad times, best at his Latter-end.
A great Example in his Age and Place,
Did much, and well, and in a little ſpace.
View'd by the out-ſide he appear'd ſo green
As if (as yet) in Non-age he had been;
But if conſulted in the grand Affairs
Of Camp, or City, then he ſpake Gray Hairs.
A world of Buſineſs paſſed through his hand,
Figures, like Men, did move at his Command.
Yet in the Chamber ſo well kept his heart;
He carefully ſecur'd the better part:
Witneſs his laſt Act; Then it may be gueſt
Sore was the Conflict in his youthful Breaſt;
Earth preſents Wedlock, Heaven forbids the Banes,
Life a fair Miſtreſs, Death Salvation gains.
Beauty doth Raviſh, Riches does the ſame,
(When two Fires meet, the greater is the Flame)
But vain their Charms, he eyes the future State,
Treads on this ſweet, and on the ſowre of Fate.
Farewel, thy Body now harbour'd in thy Reſt,
Crowned with Bliſs, and Singing with the Bleſt.

On a Loving Couple,

Who died ſoon after one another, and Buried both in one Grave.

UNder Monumental Stone
Here lies two whom Love made one,
As in Wedlock Knot combin'd;
So in Nature, Heart, and Mind.
His Soul Mounting up to Bliſs,
Hers was Reſtleſs till with his;
To her Mate, deceas'd, ſo kind;
She would not, could not ſtay behind.
In this Spicy fragrant Bed
They do yet Embrace and Wed.
Even in their Duſt ſtill one,
Waiting Reſurrection.

In Praiſe of Bowling.

LEt the *Dons* of the Town
In their Feſtivals drown
Their Wits in Canary and Sherry,
We cry Fly, we cry Rub,
And kick at the Tub,
No Fudler is half ſo merry.

No Politick matters
Breaks our Brains into ſhatters,
Yet we aim at a petty Dominion:
If we Bowl well, and gain,
No King doth ſo Raign:
We are Princes in our own Opinion.

Our Sport and Toyl wean us
From minding of *Venus*:
For Miſſes we are not at leiſure;
All that ſee us may know
That Delight is below
Men taken up with ſo high Pleaſure.

FINIS.